Prin. What saist thou, *Mistris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fals. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my Lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave, to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true, *Hostesse*, and he slaunders thee most grosely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is a Million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowst, as thou art but a man, I dare but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to be feared as the Lyon: dost thou thinke i'le feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thee! But sirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty in this bosome of thine; it is all fild up with Guts, and Midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeson impudent Imbost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy-houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other inheritories but these, I am a villaine, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowst, in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you picke pockets.

Prin. It appeares so by the story.

Fal. *Hostesse*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakfast, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cherish thy Guests: thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hostesse.*

Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lads, where is that answered?